

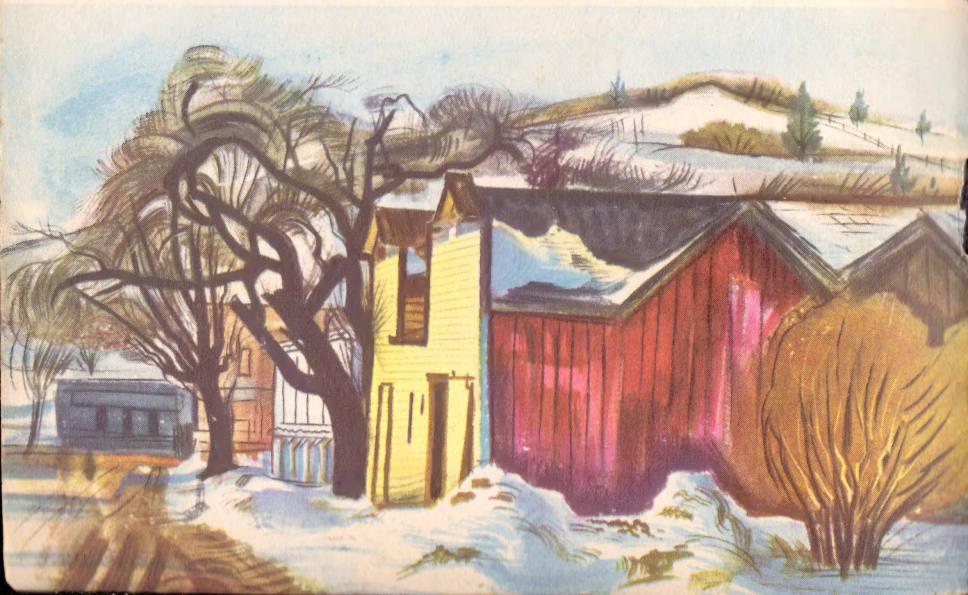
# FORD TIMES

march 1950





*Scenes of Bellaire, Michigan, by Charles Culver, who wrote and illustrated "My Favorite Village—Bellaire, Michigan," page 12. Above: Bellaire from the East. Below: Maltby's Barn.*





# FORD TIMES

March, 1950

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# Man-Made Great Lakes

*by Burgess H. Scott*

*photographs by W. P. Cook*

SHAHS, emirs, kings, and other foreign dignitaries who have visited the United States in the past fifteen years or so have included the Tennessee Valley Authority on their itineraries as a "must", ranking with New York City, Hollywood, and the Grand Canyon.

Almost since its inception in April, 1933, foreigners have viewed this region-wide development project with an interest far surpassing that of the average American. But the folks at home were more or less in the position of the proverbial Kentuckian who had been to Niagara Falls but had never seen Mammoth Cave. They knew something of the project's purposes—power production, flood control, improvement of navigation, irrigation, etc.—but hadn't been moved to visit the area in large numbers.

As the years passed and TVA neared completion, one aspect emerged to change all this: the recreational vistas that opened as dam after dam backed up glistening lakes in a land that before had known only turbulence or drouth. Boat docks, fishing camps, resorts, and swimming beaches began to appear on the new shores, and vacationers were quick to cash in on the new playgrounds.

Last year the Department of the Interior released figures which give an indication of the region's increasing popularity. The Great Smoky Mountains National Park, occupying most of the range in whose heights lie the headwaters of a half-dozen or more of the dammed streams, led all of the country's national parks in attendance with a registered 1,510,636.

Today there are twenty-seven of these man-made great lakes of the hinterland, dotted over an area extending from North





*Norris Dam*

WHEN they corked a dozen southern rivers, a string of big blue lakes appeared, making of the Tennessee River Valley an unequalled vacationland. Extending from the Appalachians almost as far as the Mississippi, these 27 man-made lakes cover a region four-fifths as large as England, and every bit as scenic.

*Cherokee Dam forms one of the most beautiful lakes in the TVA chain →*

Carolina to western Kentucky from Alabama to Virginia. They vary from the high altitude, cool lakes of the mountain tributaries to the larger lakes on the Tennessee River.

The entire system occupies parts of seven states: Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, the latter having a small frontage on Pickwick Lake in its extreme northeast part. This network of lakes and streams occupies an area almost as large as England, and ranging topographically from the steep Appalachian terrain in the east to the rolling, wooded acres of western Tennessee and Kentucky. Between the Cumberland Plateau and the knob and hill country, many blends of the two extremes are offered.

A perfect example of the high altitude lake is Fontana in extreme western North Carolina. Huge Fontana Dam which, with a height of 480 feet, is the fourth highest in the world, backs up the Little Tennessee River to form this lake. Its blue depths extend far into the almost primeval fastnesses of the Great Smokies.

Near the dam, and at 1,800-foot altitude, is Fontana Village, built to house the dam workers, but now operated as a non-profit resort. The village's neat, electrified cottages surround and contrast with what was once a lonely trapper's log cabin, built in the early 1830's. Except for the dam, the highway, and the improvements around the village, much of the surrounding country is the same as it was the day that early settler felled white oaks to make his house.

The accommodations on Norris Lake continue the mountain theme, but are more suited to vacationists who prefer to be nearer large populations. It's a short drive out of Knoxville, and yet not too far from the Smokies.

Just below Norris all of the mountain tributaries have passed through the penstocks of their several dams, whirled the blades, and turned the generators to produce electricity, and merged to create the big stream that is the Tennessee River proper.

Here the lakes take on a different atmosphere. They are in the great Tennessee Valley where dams must be relatively low and long, hence the lakes are broad and breeze-swept. Sellers of sailing boats and cabin cruisers have long since recovered

*Douglas Dam, near Knoxville, was completed during World War II →*





*The Concord recreational area on Fort Loudon Lake, near Knoxville →*

from their surprise at receiving orders from Chattanooga and Knoxville and Morristown.

This is also the picture at Chickamauga, Guntersville, Wheeler, Wilson, and Pickwick Dams, and especially at Kentucky Dam, the final TVA structure near Paducah, which impounds the largest lake ever made by man, an immense pool extending 189 miles southward to Pickwick, almost at the Alabama and Mississippi lines.

Lakes of this type have long shorelines—Kentucky Lake's is longer than Lake Michigan's—with almost unlimited space for resort facilities, public parks, and private summer cottages. Scores of conveniences are operated by a varied assortment of sponsors. Veterans' organizations, clubs, Boy and Girl Scouts, and other groups maintain their day and week-end camps. Cities, counties, and states operate elaborate parks with accommodations ranging from picnic shelters to fully furnished overnight cabins.

Each year finds new private resorts opening, such as Bass Bay on Kentucky Lake near Halls, Tennessee, or Swann Farms on Douglas Lake, near Knoxville. (See pages 42 and 43.) One of the finest state parks with overnight and vacation facilities to be found anywhere is Kentucky Lake State Park at Kentucky Dam.

Hunting is good throughout the region with quail topping the list of upland game. Many visitors will find their first opportunity to follow or just listen to the hounds on a fox, coon, or possum hunt.

A few lucky hunters, chosen by lot by the Tennessee Department of Conservation, will take part in the classic sport of the southland: wild boar hunts in the Cherokee National Forest near Tellico Plains between October 31 and December 11. Applications must be sent in early to the conservation people for even an outside chance at being included on a hunt.

No matter what time of year you visit the TVA lakes you can count on fishing, as there are no closed seasons in waters controlled by the Authority. Spring and fall are the best seasons on all the lakes; if your visit is in the wintertime, your best bet is to fish the main river lakes.

*Fontana Dam at 480 feet is the fourth tallest in the world →*





*Fort Loudon Dam and its blue-water lake at Lenoir City, Tennessee→*

Bass, bluegill, bream, and perch are plentiful throughout the area. In the highland tributary lakes are to be found, in addition, pike of the walleye variety. Big channel catfish can be taken in the main valley lakes.

Bait casting and fly casting equipment is used in the quiet coves and inlets above the dams. The immediate vicinity of the dams, however, is a last stronghold of the old fashioned cane pole and line fishing, called "still fishing" by the locals. There's nothing more to it than settling into a comfortable position on the dam or a nearby shore and keeping half an eye open for the bobbing of a cork.

It is at the dams, especially in the pool water immediately below, that the crappie, possibly the tastiest of all the panfish, is caught in fabulous numbers by incredible numbers of people. The pole and line are standard equipment for taking the crappie, although more sport may be injected by going after them with the lightest rod you can find.

For year-round fun and relaxation at low expense you couldn't drive far enough to beat these man-made great lakes of the Southern Highlands. ■

SPECIFIC INFORMATION as to rates and accommodations at the various publicly and privately owned resorts in the seven-state TVA lakes area may best be obtained from the information office of the particular state concerned. Following are the addresses:

Tennessee—*Division of State Information, Department of Conservation, Nashville.*

North Carolina—*State Division of Advertising and News, Raleigh.*

Kentucky—*Division of Publicity, Department of Conservation, Frankfort.*

Alabama—*Alabama State Chamber of Commerce, Montgomery.*

Georgia—*State Division of Conservation, Atlanta.*

Virginia—*Conservation Commission, Richmond.*

Mississippi—*State Agricultural and Industrial Board, Jackson.*

For information concerning the dams proper, or accommodations immediately at the dams, write: *Information Office, Tennessee Valley Authority, Knoxville, Tennessee.*

*State-operated Big Ridge Park is on an arm of Norris Lake→*





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## Highroads for Skiers

*photographs by Charles E. Grover*

THE MOUNTAIN passes of Colorado achieved international recognition as ski areas *par excellence* last month when the town of Aspen was host to the downhill and slalom races of the World Ski Championships. The races were staged by the Federation Internationale de Ski, which is composed of the national ski associations of thirty-two countries, and it was the first time they had ever been held outside Europe.

Many skiers considered this tournament even more significant, competitively speaking, than the Olympic events, since both professional ski instructors and top-flight amateurs participated. Co-host with Aspen was Lake Placid, New York, where the cross-country and jumping events were held.

Nature qualified Colorado for ski champions by endowing her with an abundance of deep, properly-textured snow. Man helped by easing the mountain passes with ski tows. But the Colorado State Highway Department can take much of the credit, for the snow that falls so bountifully on the ski runs, falls likewise on the highways that lead to them.

This year the state undertook to keep seventeen mountain passes open on a 24-hour basis, at a cost of about half a million dollars—strictly for the benefit of skiers. It resorted to “permanent” snow clearance installations, where highway workers live right at strategic spots and sally forth with snow moving equipment almost at the first snowflake. This assiduousness is a relatively new development. “Twenty years ago,” said a state highway official recently, “there *were* no roads over these passes!”

One of the well-cleared highways is the road over Loveland Pass, built in 1931 at an altitude of 11,992 feet. In the pictures opposite, Miss Berit Stensby, a member of the Norwegian team that competed at Aspen, is testing her skis on its snowbanks. Like many other Colorado ski areas, Loveland Pass is within easy driving distance from Denver. ■





# *My Favorite Village—* **Bellaire, Michigan**

*story and paintings by Charles Culver*



MY FIRST DATE with Miss Florence Morrow of Bellaire, Michigan, was for a vesper service. I knocked at the door of her home, on a Sunday evening in the summer of 1933, and a small girl of five appeared. It was her niece. "Is Florence home?" I inquired. "She's ringing the church bell," the child answered, and then I became aware of the sound of pealing bells. The Methodist Church was only two doors away so I strode there, up the steps and into the vestibule. There was my date, a stunning brunette of seventeen, tugging away at the bell rope. It seemed she was the janitor of the church—or the girl equivalent of one. The only janitors I had ever seen before were gray and wrinkled old men and I thought it very clever and original of this church to have employed so young and graceful a one. I decided, right then, that if I

ever needed a janitor I would hire one of this same type. I helped her with the bell rope tugging for awhile, and when she decided the bells had pealed enough we left and drove a mile or two to Fisherman's Paradise, a summer resort, where the vesper

*Above right: Moon and the courthouse clock over the dam pond.  
Below right: A view of Bellaire village as seen from the west.*





services were being held during the summer months. We heard a short sermon, listened to several songs rendered in duet by the minister and his wife, and then drove back to town where we parked in the darkness by the vacant high school playground, and necked, rather delicately. Once or twice while we were there I looked out of the car window up at the night sky where I noted several constellations. Cassiopeia, I recall, was one I could recognize and name, which I did, to show off my knowledge of astronomy to Florence.

I had become acquainted with her only the night before, at a dance, also held at Fisherman's Paradise. For several weeks I had been camping with a couple of friends at the south end of Torch Lake, about fifteen miles from Bellaire. One of the boys was an art student, like myself, and the other was just a friend. All three of us lived in Detroit. The non-artistic one happened to know a girl named Rosemary who was at this same time vacationing in Bellaire, a village none of us had ever seen or heard of and one Saturday the three of us drove over to see her. We arrived early in the afternoon, saw the girl, looked around the town, were introduced to several other young people, and were invited to a dance which was being held that night.

The village was pretty and I found myself liking it right away. The buildings and the trees were old and the streets reminded me of streets I'd played on as a child. The surrounding hills were quite high and the town climbed up on them a little on one side. There was a river, and a deep pond where the river was dammed up for the power plant. The courthouse clock tower poked up through the hard maple trees and you could almost always see it wherever you were in the village, even out in the country a mile or more. We hung around town until evening and had dinner with friends of Rosemary's.

It was dusk when we reached the dance. Two of us were stags and the boy who had known Rosemary first, escorted her. I noticed Florence as soon as I entered the room, and when I saw that she was with a boy named Ed, whom I had met in town that afternoon, I went straight over and clapped him on the back and cried "Hya, Ed!" in the manner of a person greeting a long time pal. I met her then, we danced, and I asked her to go out with me the following night. She

*Bill Simpson's barber shop→*





*Log schoolhouse,  
the oldest in  
Antrim County.*

said I could take her to the vesper service.

My fellow art student met a girl that night too. Her name was Eloise. He spent most of that evening with her. And, of course, the non-artist waltzed around with Rosemary. After becoming acquainted with these girls, we three boys decided we'd move our camp closer to Bellaire. So a day or two later we hauled down our tent at Torch Lake and set it up again on the shore of Lake Bellaire, only a mile or so from the village. My artist friend and I did only a negligible amount of



sketching and painting that summer. The summer heat, the beauty and proximity of the lake, our habit of sitting up around campfires late every night frying and eating raspberry- and cherry-filled pancakes, and then our sleeping until noon or until the flies and the heat of the sun drove us out of our tent, all together induced a feeling of indolence and cut down drastically on our productivity as artists. We spent quite a bit of time with the girls, too. We went to a few more dances, drove to other towns to see movies (Bellaire had none then, though it does now), and took rowboat rides. Nothing ever came of the romances of my camp-mates, but I finally married Florence a couple of years later, in 1935. She was beautiful and had seven hundred dollars in the bank which she had inherited from an aunt.



We live in Bellaire now. We moved here in 1946 after living in Detroit for eleven years. Of course, during those years we spent a lot of Christmases, Thanksgivings, and summer vacations here, and I frequently painted here. Our property is at the edge of the village, and the river, which flows through town, is its east boundary. My studio stands on a bluff where my wife often played as a child. From my north window I can see the steeple of the Methodist Church where I first helped

tug the bell rope; and from my east window I can see, faintly through the trees, the courthouse tower and clock. My two children both attend school in the same building in the same rooms their mother did over twenty-five years ago. They explore the same woods, swim in the same lakes, skate in winter on the same ponds and slide on the same hills. While I don't believe that each stick, stone, blade of grass, weed, turtle, and stray cat existing in the village is utterly drenched with charm, or that every inhabitant is good, generous, wise and lovable, I still do, quite truthfully, find much here that is perennially fascinating, refreshing and consoling, and there is a timelessness about the village and the valley which I believe is essential to me as an artist. ■





*For those readers who want more statistics on Bellaire, we are appending Mr. Culver's first draft of the foregoing article. Beyond this, we feel that it shows an interesting contrast to the final version.—Editor.*

THE VILLAGE of Bellaire, Michigan, is situated in a valley in Antrim county. It is almost exactly midway (though a little to the north) between Traverse City and Grayling. It is about two hundred and sixty miles north of Detroit, and a hundred miles south of the Straits of Mackinac. The village is snuggled against a range of wooded hills, and partially climbs their eastern slopes. The floor of the valley is fairly flat, but to the east, hills form again. The lakes, which lie north and south of the village, are connected by a stream, named unimaginatively, the "Intermediate River." This stream is dammed at the electric power plant, in the center of town, forming a pond. The pond spills over the dam, and below, the river flows on again, through and past the village, to the south, into Lake Bellaire. ■





*photograph by W. P. Cook*

*Alcoa's Calderwood Dam -  
a one-picture story*

OF THE 27 DAMS in the TVA system, ten were existing at the time the project was under construction. Five of these were acquired by TVA, and five are still operated by their owners. One of the latter group, Calderwood Dam, is shown above. Built across a gorge of the Little Tennessee River, several miles below Fontana Dam, Calderwood is the property of the Aluminum Company of America. Tourists going southward on U. S. 129 get this compact view of the graceful dam and the great store of water it commands. It is operated under the direction of TVA so that the power it produces and the flow of its impounded water can be coordinated with the overall Authority operations. ■



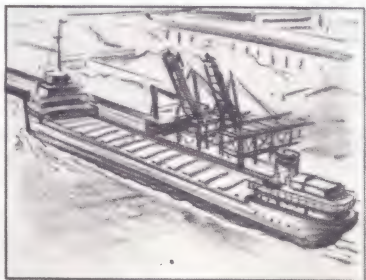
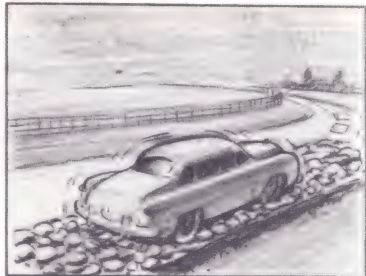
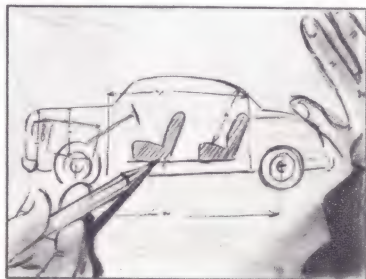
# *The New Ford Movie*

THE TITLE of the Ford Motor Company's new industrial movie, "The Human Bridge," is a quotation from one of Henry Ford's philosophical notes. Inscribed over the main entrance to the Engineering Building at the Ford plant in Dearborn, the note in full reads as follows:

MANKIND PASSES  
FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW  
ON A HUMAN BRIDGE  
FORMED BY THOSE  
WHO LABOR IN THE  
THREE PRINCIPAL ARTS  
AGRICULTURE—MANUFACTURE—  
TRANSPORTATION

"The Human Bridge," in 16mm full color, tells the story of the building of a new car—from idea to fruition. The human bridge is represented by the 140,000 men and women of the Ford Motor Company, who brought about the transition from the old car to the new.

The camera, aided by background music and occasional dialogue, gives a backstage view in







← *Movie-taking on the test track.*

dramatic color and action of the making of a new automobile, from first pencil sketches to the finished product on the highway.

Actually, it took about two years to convert the original new car idea into a finished automobile. "The Human Bridge," in film form, "does the work" in half an hour. You see the original sketches, the planning, designing and testing sequences; you hear the ring of steel, the rumble and pound of intricate machinery, and the voices of those who are a part of the human bridge.

Toward the end of the film, in an unusual human interest scene, the transition from the old to the new is dramatized by Charles Davy, Ford employee, who proudly pilots his 1924 Model T—which he has driven over 600,000 miles in 25 years—while the new Ford drives alongside.

The musical score is played by members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. The picture was produced by the Raphael G. Wolff Studios of Hollywood. Devoid of commercialism, "The Human Bridge" combines entertainment and educational values. Schools, clubs, churches, employee groups and other organizations may borrow "The Human Bridge." Ask your Ford dealer, or write to the Ford Film Library, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. ■

← *Action! Camera! in the Rouge.*

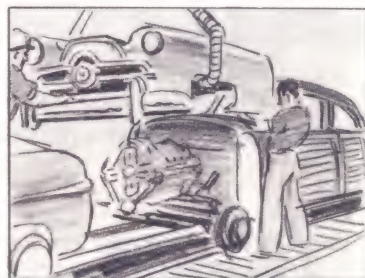
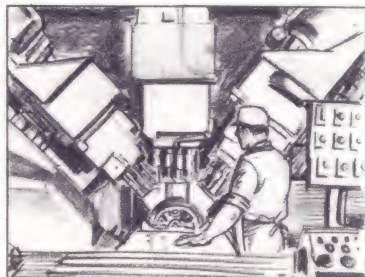
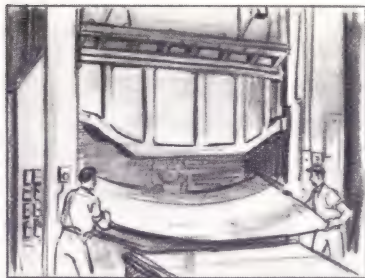


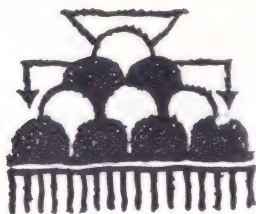


photo by D. Vincent Shaner

## *Fording the Mississippi— a one-picture story*

THE two 400 h.p. engines of the northward-bound Mississippi River towboat, "Commercial Tennessean," had just nosed more than 17,000 dormant horsepower in to the Cape Girardeau, Missouri, shore when the above picture was taken. The triple-deck barge is carrying a full load of 173 new Fords from the Memphis assembly plant to St. Louis, a voyage that is made on a regular weekly schedule. The cars are accepted at the plant by the barge line, are driven approximately a mile and a half to the line's triple-deck floating dock, where they are loaded on the barge. A crew of 12, working in two alternating six-hour shifts, mans the towboat and tends the cargo. Cars loaded on Thursday are delivered in St. Louis the following Monday morning. ■





## KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE SKY

*story and paintings by Eric Sloane*

The pattern shown above, familiar enough to those who have been in Navajo territory, is far more than just a blanket design. It tells a story that will astonish modern meteorologists. The two unequal cloud layers, the lightning connecting them and stabbing downward, the rain dropping from a flat base prove that the Indians appraised the sky shrewdly. The latest textbook on weather could hardly describe a thunderhead with more accuracy.

ASK THE home-coming tourist what impressed him most about a trip and he'll mention any number of things—mountains, the ocean, an unfished stream, strange cities. Rarely, if ever, will he name the sky.

This is odd, because the sky dominated everything he saw. It was the weather and the mood of his trip. All the scenery was, to a large degree, sky.

Notice, next time you are out of doors, how much of the landscape is *above* the horizon. The sky is enormous and inescapable.

Tourists and others who suffer from chronic anxiety about the weather should learn to read the sky. Watching it is a good way to alleviate that worry, and one of the byproducts of the upward glance is acquaintance with a new realm of beauty.





*Fair weather cumulus clouds are often regarded as the most varied and beautiful of all cloud formations. From their low-lying, horizontal bases (sometimes as low as 3500 feet), domes, castles and cloudy creatures seem to boil out of solid marble. Cumulus clouds usually sail slowly westward, assuring wonderful weather for hikers, motorists, picnickers—and outdoor dreamers.*

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The best way to become sky-conscious is to learn about the anatomy and weather significance of clouds.

In the first place, don't let professorial cloud-names throw you. There are only three shapes—cumulus, stratus, and cirrus—and they sound exactly like what they are: accumulated, straight, and icy. It's that easy. Add "alto" for height and "nimbus" for rainhead and you can ring all the changes in the cloud vocabulary: alto-cumulus, nimbo-stratus, alto-cirrus, and so on.

The ponderous flat-bottomed clouds that seem colossal and rock-solid are cumulus. They ride with fair weather and look like cauliflower or castles or whatever your imagination sees in them. They float as low as 3500 feet, but on warm summer days their bases may darken and they may drop down. They are then called nimbo-cumulus—rainheads or thunderheads—which bring short, sharp showers and stabs of lightning. In their wake comes clear, cool air.

The clouds that lie in the middle range of height—perhaps 10,000 feet—and appear like bars, tide-ribbed sand or spun thread, are stratus. They create the mackerel sky and also go hand in hand with good weather. Sometimes a high-lying mackerel sky spreads a beautiful pattern over the east before sunrise. When this happens you may plan your trip with pretty fair assurance that rain won't spoil it.

The cobwebby stuff that veils the farthest reaches of the sky is cirrus. It may take the form of mares' tails or a uniform veil covering the blue. Cirrus makes the sun shapeless and

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*Forming at enormous heights—sometimes up to fifteen miles—cirrus clouds, or mares' tails, seem to haunt the sky rather than float in it. They are streaks of ice crystals swept by great winds in the stratosphere and they would seem as far out of reach on Mt. McKinley as in Death Valley. Reflecting the sun's rays, they redden the sky before dawn and after sunset.*





On a summer afternoon, when the earth has been heated, the cumulus clouds often acquire a dark undercoating of nimbus. Known then as cumulo-nimbus, or thunderheads, they lie like threats on the horizon or loom suddenly overhead, spitting lightning and showers. They form quickest on the plains but can be seen everywhere. Cool, clear air follows in their wake.

---

puts a halo around the moon. When it thickens and comes lower it changes to alto-stratus and promises rain or snow. You can predict how long the coming storm will last by noting the time that the faint veil first appears in the sky. If, say, ten hours pass between that time and the first rain, the storm is likely to last about ten hours.

It is considered the latest thing to consult a weather map before a trip, but this may put you in a whirl, because weather maps are becoming too complicated for the layman. You use them to look for a "low," which is generally stormy. By going outdoors, facing into the wind and stretching your right hand out you can find the low easily because you are pointing right at it. You will do well to drive in the opposite direction.

There is a final basic fact about sky and weather that all travelers should know. Weather comes from the west, since the prevailing winds of North America are westerly. So if you are planning to double as your own weather man, note what is happening in that direction. A red sky at sunset means the air is dry. If the sun is yellow or gray, the approaching air is moist. Put your top up, or stay home.

By getting on intimate terms with the clouds you can develop skill in predicting weather. You can also re-discover its great appeal to the poetry in your heart.

When you were young you must have stretched out on a slope, chewed a blade of grass and watched the clouds sail overhead. That was a wonderful way to spend time—and it still is. ■

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Spun out like hanks of raw wool far above the flight patterns of wild geese are the lumps of ice crystals called cirro-cumulus.

← Fishermen first named this effect "mackerel sky"—the herald of fair weather and a good catch. They are the highest clouds of definite shape, forming just below the pure cirrus of the stratosphere and often, as in this picture, set afire by a low sun.





# *Hole-in-the-Rock*

by Joyce Rockwood Muench

photographs by Josef Muench

IN ALL THE ANNALS of the conquest of the West there is no more heroic or incredible episode than the "Hole-in-the-Rock Crossing" of the Colorado River. Equipped with little more than an unconquerable purpose, two hundred and fifty Mormons spent six months in the wilderness of southern Utah, battling every foot of the 200 miles from Panguitch to the site of Bluff, which they came to establish.

To find some measure of the tremendous odds against which man and animal struggled, we need only look at the map. Still the largest unsurveyed area in the United States, it is mostly an ominous blank. Hardly a town, ghost or alive, is shown. Above rolling oceans of sandstone the Kaiparowits Plateau lifts its impassable barrier. Weather is violent and unpredictable, vegetation an insignificant part of the landscape.

Why, then, would any party choose this worst possible route to found a community which even today is merely a remote frontier jumping-off place?

Back in 1779, Utah was still a territory. The church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints feared that the southeastern corner of its domain would be settled by cattle and sheep men drifting in from Colorado and New Mexico. President Taylor, titular head of the Mormons, "called" some seventy families to take household goods and almost a thousand head of stock, go to the area and colonize it!

In the fall of the year they gathered from central Utah, from Iron, Beaver, and Millard Counties, meeting in Panguitch. Southward over the Kaibab, or Buckskin Mountain, the way to Lee's Ferry was closed by snow. There was only one way left—straight across an unknown land. They started.

Inching the way through rocky canyons and over "petrified sand dunes" the expedition approached the Colorado River. Feed was so scarce that the stock had to be scattered for miles and miles. The black shadscale sage which burns at

*Above left: Rugged land of Utah with notch in foreground.*

*Below left: Wagons and stock descended this treacherous road.*





← *Sandstone steps—reminders of a perilous wagon trip.*

the touch of a match was the only fuel. But the pioneers' spirits were high. When the labor of the day was over, they danced on the "slick-rock" to the lively music of fiddles.

With the arrival of new equipment, sixty men pushed ahead to start building a road through the "Hole" which they had to descend in order to reach the Colorado River. They blasted the narrow notch at the top of the cliffs to wagon-width and then, suspended over the rocks on ropes, carved out a causeway. For six weeks they labored to make possible a passage only a mile and a half long, down a thousand-foot elevation!

At the first try, nine horses were lost over the cliff, but when the work was completed, the entire party negotiated the passage in safety, including two babies born on the trek.

It must have been a stirring scene on January 20, 1880, as the dauntless crew pushed their wagons through the rocky "chute." Men with ropes held the wagons back from hurtling into space.

Logs brought sixty miles from Escalante to the river were tied to the sides of the wagons to make ferries of them. Household goods, humans, and the smallest animals floated across.

For another two months they traveled, averaging three miles a day. It was spring before the wagon train finally descended through Comb Wash to the banks of the San Juan River at Cottonwood Creek, too exhausted to go on.

There Bluff stands today. Less than a hundred people make up its population and if plans proceed for a dam on the San Juan, the site will one day be covered by water.

Only the burnished steps remain as a memorial to a tiny band of pioneers whose purpose and faith were greater than any obstacle.

At the river's edge a bronze plaque states simply:

*"Mormon Pioneers of San Juan County crossed the Colorado River at Hole-in-the-Rock January 20, 1880. Twenty-six wagons were lowered over the cliff that day. A total of 250 people were in the party. All made the perilous descent and ferried the river here."*

Each year a diminishing number of the original party, augmented by their descendents, make a visit to the "slick rocks" and dance again to the tune of the fiddle. ■

← *Plaque honors a courageous party of west-bound Mormons.*







Scratched into the basalt rock above the Columbia River at the Ginkgo Petrified Forest are ancient Indian pictographs. The photograph on the preceding two pages shows the basalt cliff, two miles above Vantage, Washington. At right is shown a closeup of pictographs.

## *Land of the Wooden Jewels*

by Roland Ryder-Smith

photographs by Bob and Ira Spring

*Millions of years ago ginkgo trees grew in the gentle climates of the far north. Then cyclones blew them down, great floods bore them southward and, in Washington, torrents of lava buried them. During countless ages of entombment the once-living fibre turned into gem-like substances—leaving to our time a strange and beautiful legacy.*

THE WORLD knows about Washington's forest giants that stand along the moist Pacific slope; not so many are familiar with her other source of arboreal beauty lying east of the Cascades where no trees grow, in the Ginkgo Petrified Forest State Park.

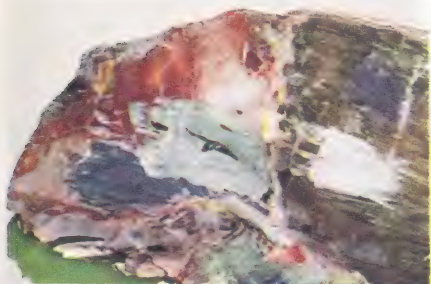
Follow U. S. Highway 10 east from Ellensburg, Washington, for 28 miles and it will drop you off in this strange place where today rubs shoulders with the long ago. Here, jutting out of the crumbling rock and gravel of parched hillsides or cut into sections for the inspection of visitors, are tree trunks that were old when the hills themselves were young. An entombment of 15 million years or so in solid rock has sublimated what was once live sap and woody fibre into a gem-like, crystal-hard substance.

Hundreds of such veterans of another age have been brought to light during the last two decades, many a thousand more await excavation. Here are swamp cypress, red gum, cedar, Douglas fir, persimmon, elm, beech, Alpine hemlock and many other kinds of timber that looked at the sun when





*Below left, polished sample of petrified butternut wood; below right, polished sample of petrified ginkgo wood, sacred Chinese tree.*



*Geology students at Central Washington College examining excavated end of petrified log. Grating protects the finish.* →

Washington state's climate was Floridian.

Step inside one or other of the two museums in the Park; you'll not need to be a lapidary, geologist or antiquarian to have your breath taken by the finished loveliness of petrified wood. After being sliced, ground, and polished it assumes an unimagined beauty, a beauty of intermingled hues from milk-white to warm red, from delicate blue to velvety black, the blues having a tendency to predominate. Added to which is a wealth of immaculate veining. Even decay is translated into artistry, and creviced ant eggs, seen under the microscope, become nests of gold nuggets in a jewelled setting.

The old trees themselves are as alien to their locale as to the present era. Actually their habitat was far to the north, possibly somewhere in Canada. Cyclonic winds are thought to have toppled them, after which came a gigantic flood to carry them southward and finally deposit them in jumbled rafts in a shallow lake 75,000 square miles in extent, hereabouts.

Later came terrific volcanic eruptions in the area; lava on a scale never since known swept over what is now central Washington. Wave upon wave covered the sunken trees. But swamp water had tempered the lava's incinerating urge and tree tissue merely became sealed by solidifying rock against air and decay. The interpenetration of gases from lava fumes and chemicals in the water through every pore and cell of the wood during succeeding centuries worked the miracle of opalization.

Now, after a long interment, wind, running water, and weather have conspired to resurrect at least a part of this treasure trove.

First men to appreciate and use the petrified wood were North America's aboriginal tribesmen. Artifacts picked up at nearby Lind Coulee prove that these primitive folk found the stuff just right for tools and weapon-heads. Naturalist J. C. Russel made its rediscovery in 1893, and for some time it was called Russelwood in his honor.

However, Dr. George F. Beck, professor of geology at the Central Washington College, located here the first and only ginkgo trees ever to be unearthed anywhere in the world. His

*Arrowheads, found on Columbia River near Vantage, are made mostly of petrified wood, favorite material of local tribes.* →





discovery of these interesting specimens not only earned for the locality a high rating among the fossil forests of America but resulted three years later (1935) in the state's setting aside 6,000 acres as a park for the preservation of ginkgo and other petrified woods.

The ginkgo, incidentally, is esteemed as the oldest of all trees. Its size and shape haven't changed materially in 200,000,000 years; nor has its quaint "duck's foot" leaf which botanists call the missing link between ferns and flowering plants.

In the Park's vicinity other interesting finds have been made. Left behind in fossil form is testimony to the existence of crocodiles, of hairy mammoths and longnecked camels long before the Cascade Range was flung up. Also, high up on the rock shores of adjacent Blue Lake, is a small cave tailored to the measurement of a rhinoceros. He, too, was caught in a hot tidal wave, perhaps the same which engulfed the ancient trees.

To geology students of Central College the Park and its environs are a choice hunting ground. They make frequent week-end invasion of the wind-eroded plateau; often to good purpose. One of their most recent hauls yielded the bones of an ice age elephant, another, those of a saber-toothed tiger. Llama remains and bones of wild pigs are often picked up. Another college jaunt turned up a "problem stone." Of sandstone, about the size of a large fist, it carries on one side a carving of a lion, on the other that of a three-toed horse. The object, estimated to be at least fifty centuries old, has even Dr. Beck baffled. Conjecture gives credit for it to the same mystic race of river people who left their handiwork in various places along the basalt banks of the Columbia.

Some of this handiwork can be seen at a cove in the Ginkgo Petrified Forest area, called Picture Rocks. A walk of two miles along a cliff-top trail above the river from Vantage brings you there. The ancient pictographs consist mostly of crude portrayals of animate objects. Some others seem to be symbols. They are either brushed on in a bright red weather-resistant paint or gouged into the iron-hard rock. Do they tell a story? Attempts by scientists to decipher the markings have so far met with scant success. In the legendary tribal lore of such Indians as wander into this land of blue distances in search of jewel-wood for working into curios, there is still no clue to the identity of these anonymous artists. ■





*St. Louis Waterfront*

## *Up the Mississippi*

### 3—Mark Twain's Town

story and paintings by Don Brown

THE MISSISSIPPI is Mark Twain's river. He was its devotee, its critic, its Boswell. I felt this all along the way, as I drove northward along the river—the same Mississippi down which Mark Twain's Huck Finn and Jim floated their raft in the dark of night.

I felt it more strongly at Hickman, Kentucky, when I talked with the fishermen who have houseboats and docks there below the sea wall. One assured me that he was “doing right well” with catfish, but added with a Twainish twist that he could make more money seining baby turtles out of Reelfoot Lake, to be sold in New Orleans as souvenirs of Louisiana.



The river is still his river, but the sternwheelers that plied it in his time have come to ignominious ends. When I reached St. Louis I found one anchored at the waterfront, bereft of its wheel, and serving as the modernistic, air-conditioned offices of an advertising agency. The only authentic sternwheeler I found, the *H. S. Douglas*, will soon become a floating restaurant moored to a St. Louis dock. The Mississippi has been deepened, snagged and somewhat straightened, and no longer has need of her kind.

Hannibal, from which Sam Clemens went forth to become famous as Mark Twain, does not let you forget her celebrated son, and sometimes conveniently confuses fact with fiction. A couple of miles below the town is the cave where Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher were lost—now called Mark Twain Cave, and electrically lighted. Cardiff Hill still stands back of Clemens' boyhood home, and the sign in front of the house proclaims: *Here stood the board fence which Tom Sawyer persuaded his gang to pay him for the privilege of whitewashing. Tom sat by and saw that it was well done.*

A few oldtimers in Hannibal accept Clemens' fame with some reluctance. One old gentleman, who watched as I painted Hill Street, remarked: "People here don't make so much fuss over Sam Clemens. My grandfather played with him when they were both kids. Sam just went away from here and happened to catch on. If he'd stayed here, he wouldn't 'a' amounted to much. But take my grandfather. *He* stayed here, and got to own the biggest butcher shop in town!"

Later he came back and silently handed me a picture postcard showing Clemens standing before his old home, resplendent in his famous white linen suit, and his bushy white eyebrows, hair and moustache. When it was taken, in the early 1900's, he was world-famous. Behind him stand several urchins, peering curiously at the camera. The old gentleman pointed to one of them. "That's me," he said, "right next to him."

I rather think Sam Clemens would have liked that. ■







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## *Fun Farm and Game Farm*

*photographs by W. P. Cook*

ALTHOUGH the Tennessee Valley Authority was created primarily as a flood control-power-navigation project, its development has proved time and again that Americans have an enormous appetite for recreation out of doors.

On the opposite page are pictures of two enterprises whose growth and success are spliced to expanding use of the TVA region for recreational purposes. The upper picture shows the Swann Farms, the lower the Buffalo Springs Hatchery.

Swann Farms sprawls along two sides of Douglas Lake, a wonderful play area that was created when the waters of French Broad River were impounded. U. S. 70, between Asheville, North Carolina, and Knoxville, Tennessee, runs through the center of the Farms. The Great Smoky National Park is forty miles away, Knoxville thirty-five and Norris Dam fifty.

The house connected with the Farms has the air of a fine ante-bellum plantation home. The rich appearance of its fertile farmland setting is shown off to advantage against the blue waters of Douglas Lake, which is thought by many to be the most beautiful of all the TVA lakes. It was named for General Douglas MacArthur and is alive with bass and crappie.

Related less directly but just as vitally to the recreational pattern of the TVA region is the game farm operated by the Tennessee Department of Conservation. It is on Cherokee Reservoir, about forty miles northwest of Knoxville at Rutledge. Here the state grows bobwhite quail and Formosan pheasant and stocks the entire state of Tennessee with them. The small objects seen in rows in the picture are the cages in which the game birds are kept.





# Biggest Fishin' Hole in America

by Harold Titus

THEY'D WALKED out of their Indiana offices at five on a June afternoon, and by midafternoon next day were renting a boat for their outboard motor on Little Bay de Noc in Michigan's upper peninsula. The stories of fabulous walleye fishing, they agreed, were too good to be true. It wasn't reasonable that such fishing could erupt all of a sudden anywhere on the Great Lakes. But they came anyway.

"Look at the parked cars!" muttered Joe. "If we've fallen for a tall story, we've got plenty of company."

Two hours and 35 minutes later they were back at the dock with their daily limit of walleyes—five each—ranging up to five pounds.

"And," chuckled Henry, "twenty-one hours ago we were chained to our desks back home in Indiana!"

For nearly half a century impatient anglers have used the automobile to get to favored spots on the Great Lakes where sports fishing is famous. But vast reaches of these inland seas are still a neglected sports paradise, as 1949's stampede to the Bays de Noc proved. Until 1946 almost no one had tried to take walleyes there by hook and line. Then local lads began trolling and coming in with their limits in no time at all. The story got around, and last May, when the season opened, cars from as far away as southern Ohio and western Nebraska had sped over the region's excellent highways to bring eager fishermen to the spot.

Early season luck is the best here, and until late June the fish are schooled on shoals. During July they go to deeper water and are harder to locate. As summer wanes, however, yields pick up again and inasmuch as the walleye is legal prey through March, it's an excellent bet that shanty fishing through the ice for walleyes will be the next development.

Biologists are naturally interested in such an eruption of a species. Scale readings show that the great majority of the fish now being taken are in their sixth year which means that





in 1943 the local walleye enjoyed exceptional spawning conditions. Since it is a long-lived fish in these clean, cold waters, one good crop season should bring results for more years and, in the meantime, another unusual spawning may come along to keep the supply at its almost incredible level.

But the above is only one brief chapter in the story I'm trying to tell. How an amazing smallmouth bass grounds was turned up actually under my own nose will drive home the theme of this piece. Most of my life has been spent within sight and sound of Grand Traverse Bay, an indentation of Lake Michigan. For the last twenty years I've lived directly on its shore. We've taken Mackinaw trout regularly; we've had excellent perch and cisco fishing but none of us had dreamed we had a concentration of bass until some lads, trying shoaler-than-usual water for trout, accidentally boated a brace of lunkers one summer afternoon five years ago. We


at once gave the vicinity a combing and found smallmouth fishing of a quality to take your breath.

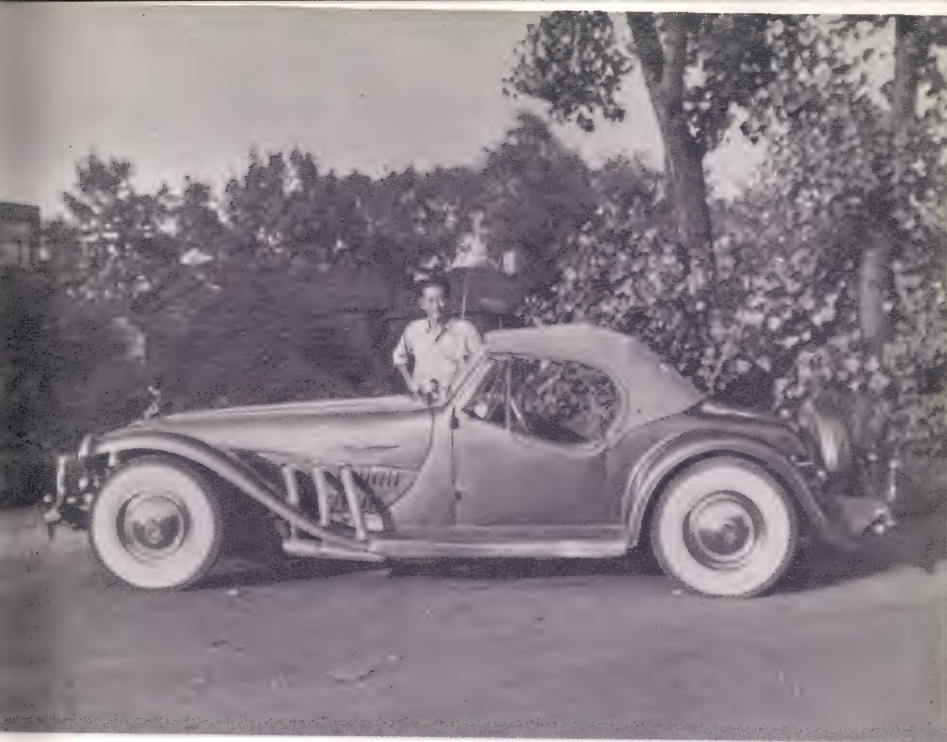
The new bass grounds in the Straits of Mackinac are another piece of evidence that thrills lie dormant all over the place. This spot happens to be off Michigan's Wilderness State Park and most of the fishing is done on boulder flats in hip boots or waders and holds up throughout the summer. The guess is that in these stingingly cold waters, the bass must go to the shallows to find their supply of forage fish. In the beginning only a few tried the spot because the shoreline, being a dedicated wilderness area, was closed to automobile traffic and getting there involved a three-mile hike. But now a one-way fire road is open to the public. I've seen eighty cars parked on the beach at one time during the summer.

Countless miles of Lake Superior's shore line have never been thoroughly explored by rod-and-reel fishermen and some highly productive grounds which have been long known to natives have only recently become widely used. The new Mackinaw trout trolling facilities at Whitefish Point are illustrative. For long, ports on the Keweenaw peninsula have been popular embarkation ports for deep water trollers. Then Munising, Grand Marais and others began providing boats and overnight lodgings. Whitefish Point began beckoning customers two summers ago and luck has been excellent.

Many rivers emptying into the upper Great Lakes have been famous for their spring rainbow trout runs for a generation and more. Perhaps a few lads have been having fun over a considerable period with rainbow in the famous Two-Hearted River which flows into Lake Superior. If so, they kept the find to themselves but three years ago fishermen who weren't so close-mouthed tried the lower waters of the stream in May and June, showed catches with specimens up to six pounds or better, and another rush was on.

Biologists will tell you that in all probability there have always been fish at these recently discovered spots. Nobody happened to find them before. There are ups and downs in supply, of course, as is true with any other crop. But, with the exception of the introduced smelt, it is probable that various species have followed their life cycles in certain portions of the Great Lakes for centuries without being located by anglers. So, the resourceful, prospecting sportsman seems to have a large chunk of a world to conquer right here in the heart of America!





## CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

**J**IMMY CHAI, proprietor of a speed shop in Joliet, Illinois, appears to have gone about as far as you can go in achieving rakishness and that low-slung look.

Chai says it took him 11 months to build his custom conversion, and, as can be seen above, the car is among the lowest on the roads. It measures 50 inches at its highest point and has six inches of road clearance.

He has given the car something of the Continental appearance by mounting a metal-covered spare tire on the rear with an extension to permit it to fit down behind the back bumper.

The engine is a combination of Mercury and Ford power plants with a three-quarter-inch camshaft and a three and five-sixteenths-inch bore.

The car is equipped with an automatic overdrive and runs on 6:00 by 16 tires.



The convertible shown (above right) was named the "FLM" by its maker, R. D. W. Clapp, retired banker of Colorado Springs, Colorado, because he used Ford, Lincoln, and Mercury parts in building it. Clapp started with a 1942 Ford five-passenger coupe, removing the top and part of the body.

He cut down the hood and altered the slant of the windshield, converted the rear compartment into a special luggage space, and installed a Philippine mahogany instrument panel.

He designed a lighted arrow gadget to indicate direction of turn, and installed it in the center of his recessed spare tire. He substituted 15-inch wheels for the original 16-inchers, and the engine has Edelbrock heads and manifold with two carburetors, and a standard Ford overdrive.

Of his car Clapp says: "No attempt has been made to turn out a racing car. I only wanted a comfortable, distinctive, and different looking car that had ample power on hills, get-away, a good cruising speed, roadworthiness, and a low center of gravity. I am happy that my object has been more than achieved."

The picture (lower right) shows the "dream car" of Russell Kmiecik, 21-year-old Peshtigo, Wisconsin, farm youth. The car he wanted was too expensive, so he gathered \$300 worth of parts, contributed several hundred hours of labor, and came up with his custom convertible.

He built the body of white ash over a steel frame. His engine of 55 h.p. is an original creation, assembled from parts of Ford engines dating from 1914 to 1949. His innovations include placing of central wiring and all vital parts directly under the hood; a heavily padded crash panel dashboard; a back-to-back twin radiator; and power-controlled brakes.

His front axle is from a Model T, and his rear from a 1934 V8.

Kmiecik claims his car is capable of 100 mph. ■

*The FORD TIMES is interested in seeing a broader selection of the handiwork turned out in the home workshops of fans of the custom conversion craze. We will pay \$10 each for pictures that are accepted for publication in our Custom Conversion series. Eight-by-ten glossy prints are best for reproducing. Your entry must be accompanied by a complete description of the conversion. Entries cannot be acknowledged and may be held several weeks pending a decision. Mail entry to: Custom Editor, FORD TIMES, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan.*





*Museum visitor studies painting of the famous race between the Natchez and the Robert E. Lee.*

**Accurate scale models of famous old river boats bring back some of the atmosphere that prevailed when steam was king on the rivers. The display is a part of the Campus Martius Museum in Marietta, Ohio.**



# Packet Boat Valhalla

by Melvin Beck

photographs by Cy LaTour

**F**ORTY-EIGHT Revolutionary War veterans from New England moved their families westward in 1788 and built the first permanent settlement in the Northwest Territory. They built their houses in a hollow square with a blockhouse at each corner, and named the community "Campus Martius," meaning "field of war."

The settlement became a thriving community of the vast territory from which were carved Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota.

Today the city of Marietta, Ohio, is on the site, and much of the atmosphere of the early days is preserved in the state-owned Campus Martius Museum. The basement of the museum is turned over to a display unequalled in all the country: a collection of 25 scale models of noted steamboats, more than 300 river paintings, and relics of bygone days of the Mississippi River system.

One of the displays is shown in the picture at the left, featuring Dean Cornwell's famous painting of the race between the *Natchez* and the *Robert E. Lee*. The model of the side-wheeler *Greenland* was built by Robert Thomas, of an Ohio River shipbuilding family at Clarenton, Ohio. Plans for the model were drawn from memory by an old riverman in Cincinnati.

Few scale models of river boats were in existence when the museum opened on March 16, 1941, but more have since appeared. Model builders are encouraged to build replicas for the museum, the required scale being one inch to four feet.

One of the largest models displayed is the mighty *Sprague*, whose prodigious feats made of her a sort of floating Paul Bunyan of inland waters. With a length of 320 feet, the *Sprague* was the largest sternwheeler ever built.

The *Sprague* set a record for the biggest tow in river history when it pushed 53 coal boats and four barges, covering seven



← *Scale models of a number of noted boats are in this display, topped by the Sprague, biggest sternwheeler ever built.*

acres of water, from Louisville to New Orleans. The model was made by Captain Frederick Way, Jr., publisher of the *Inland River Record*, from drawings furnished by the *Sprague's* builder, the Dubuque Boat & Boiler Company, Dubuque, Iowa.

On the tier below the *Sprague* are the *Greenland* (left), and the *Fallie*, which was built in Pittsburgh in 1894. The *Fallie* sank in the heavy ice of 1917, was raised later but went down while crossing the Gulf of Mexico in 1921. At the right is a model of the *Liberty*, built by a 15-year-old boy who went aboard the actual boat to get dimensions for his model. Another model, not shown, was made by a 13-year-old boy from drawings provided by another river veteran.

In the lighted recesses below are models of the various types of packet boats which were a common sight on the rivers during the steamboat's heyday.

In the picture below, school children are viewing the *J. M. White*, the most ambitious river boat model yet constructed. It was built by Captain Way from factual material taken from Louisville newspapers and old photographs.

In building this model, Captain Way almost joined the club of boat builders who can't get their completed jobs out of the cellar. It cleared the door frame, after the door had been removed, by only half an inch. The real *J. M. White* was 320 feet long which, at the scale of one inch for four feet, makes the model more than six feet long. Way spent about a year and a half building it.

The railing in the foreground is typical of the scrimshaw so popular on steamboats in the 1860-1900 era.

No model boat builder has as yet had the time or patience to tackle the biggest job remaining: the building of a scale model of the *Grand Republic* which, with a length of 350 feet, was the greatest of all Mississippi River steamboats. ■

← *School children study lines of the J. M. White as preserved in this largest of all scale models of river boats.*





## Busy Bivalve

(social notes on a dime-sized clam)

by Juliet Tucker Divine

**A**LONG the sandy shores of Florida, on either coast and especially in March and April, you can find a rainbow to build a house with, eat, or wear.

This rainbow is a small shell, usually half an inch or less across, called *donax variabilis* in the textbooks, and butterfly shell, periwinkle or coquina by those who hunt it.

If we should ever go back on the wampum standard, a pocketful of donax will be nice to have, and their size won't have anything to do with it. They'd be like the two-and-a-half-dollar gold pieces of our youth—smaller than dimes but exactly twenty-five times lovelier to look at.

Meanwhile we have other excellent reasons for being interested in

donax. A day's search along the beaches of warm seas will not reveal a busier or more colorful creature. As each wave recedes, the hard-packed sand is sprinkled with these living jewels. Each glitters in the sun a few seconds, sticks a foot out, does a one-step and disappears in the sand until the next wave strikes and reveals its hiding place.

The rainbow effect comes from lines of different colors emanating from the center and crossed by narrow bands. They form such unusual patterns that their color variations are studied in biology classes. This blaze of color also makes them a hot item in the shell market and they appear on fancy hand-painted place cards, are strung up for window curtains and

make exceptionally fine bracelets and earrings.

Coquina rock—which is the dead, broken shells welded by sand—is used for building material, and some ancient Spanish forts in Florida attest to its invincibility.

The final—and possibly the greatest—joy in donax has to be cooked out of it. In her book, “Cross Creek Cookery,” Margery Kinnan Rawlings recommends using six quarts of coquina to make a quart of broth. Once a chef at the Waldorf made some for a select dinner party and estimated the cost at over a dollar a bowl.

This price means it’s probably cheaper to catch your own—and that’s fun, too. There are several methods. One is to stand in the surf, wait for a wave to break and then pounce. You can get three to a dozen if you’re fast enough and it also gives the little beast a sporting chance to hide.

One person, who apparently had had a bowl of broth, was inspired to invent a scoop for getting donax in decent amounts. He stretched Number 4 hardware cloth on a wooden frame that resembled a dustpan, and scooped away when the wave was receding. Part of coquina-catching gear is a dishpan with some sea water to store them and keep them happy while you hunt.

At home, rinse the shells in clear water and never mind the sand. Nearly cover them with cold water and bring the pot to a simmer, stirring once in a while. After five



minutes, drain the broth off the top. The sand is at the bottom. The broth is clear and marvelous. Serve it hot or ice-cold, always with a few shells in the cup for effect.

Their beauty is muted somewhat by heat but they are still lovely to behold. The soup is wonderful to drink—a little like clam chowder but more delicate. Call it periwinkle broth or nectar of the sea, or whatever you like. The same urge that sends thousands of hunters to the woods and anglers to the streams emerges in a seaside tussle with the busy bivalve. Then, when it has paid the supreme sacrifice in your kitchen, you'll pat your stomach with satisfaction. From first catch to last drop, donax is pleasant to know. ■







# *Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns*

## *The Red Barn, Connecticut*

### **Frozen Lemon Pie**

3 egg yolks  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup fresh lemon juice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind  
3 egg whites  
1 cup cream, whipped  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup crushed vanilla wafers

Beat yolks, salt and sugar in top of double boiler. Stir in lemon juice and grated rind; cook over hot water until mixture thickens and coats spoon. Remove from fire and chill. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold in whipped cream and cooked mixture. Sprinkle half of the wafer crumbs in freezing tray, then pour in mixture. Top with remaining

crumbs and freeze until firm. Serve in finger-length slices.

When you're driving up the Merritt Parkway turn off at Exit 41, Wilton Road, to enjoy a delicious meal at The Red Barn in Westport, Connecticut. Several well-landscaped acres surround the restaurant which began from a hundred-year-old hay barn.

← Painting of The Red Barn by Dom Lupo

← Painting of O'Donnell's Sea Grill by Douglas Jones

## *O'Donnell's Sea Grill, Washington, D. C.*

### **Lobster Thermidor**

Cook a whole lobster weighing about a pound and a half. Split back from center, remove solid meat. Sauté meat in butter and add a jigger of sherry. Mix with a medium cream sauce. Replace in lobster shell, garnish with strip of pimento and mushroom buttons. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake in 350° oven until brown.

### **Crab Louie**

Arrange following items in a salad bowl: diced lettuce, green pepper, spring onions, tomatoes, cucumbers, hard-boiled egg and crab meat. Make a sauce of finely chopped garlic, green onion tops, salt, white pepper, and vinegar. Pour sauce over salad and toss.

Serve in individual wooden salad bowls on crisp lettuce leaves. Makes a perfect dish for a luncheon.

The atmosphere is salty at O'Donnell's and seafood—freshly caught in Chesapeake Bay—dominates the menu. Owner Tom O'Donnell has been in the food business for over 35 years and has originated many seafood recipes.



## *Gage & Tollner, New York*

### **Coffee**

"Start with a good coffee," advises Manager Griffiths, "one with a high percentage of Colombian, Medellin, Mocha (about ten per cent), and the better grades of Brazilian coffee. No more than three six-ounce cups from one ounce of medium or drip coffee."

The latter is his choice, made with a good filter paper and actively boiling water poured over the coffee only once. Of course, you clean the pot thoroughly after each using.

Mr. Griffiths abhors pallid and anemic coffee too delicate to hold

its own. Though a few women patrons have their coffee diluted, the other steady customers would tolerate no change in their favorite beverage.

**For the past 70 years Gage & Tollner in Brooklyn has been famous for its sea food, steaks, chops, and coffee. But all of their recipes are well-guarded secrets—in fact the only recipe Manager Griffiths will divulge is that for their coffee.**

← Painting of Gage & Tollner by Stanley Stamaty

← Painting of Garden Court by Robert Boston

## *Garden Court, California*

### **Quiche Lorraine**

Line a regulation size pie tin with a flaky type crust. Do not bake. Cover with a layer of diced ham or diced half-cooked bacon. Then put on a layer of Swiss cheese shavings. In a separate bowl prepare a custard mix of:

4 whole eggs

2 egg yolks

1 quart homogenized milk or light cream

Dash of salt, pepper, and nutmeg.

Beat eggs until light and creamy. Add milk and spices, then stir thoroughly. Pour mixture over ham and cheese in the half-filled pie tin bringing liquid level to the edge of pastry. Bake 25 minutes in a slow oven, 250°, or until custard is firm and golden brown. Will

serve four to six as a main dish, or up to a dozen as an extra. Plan it for a party menu over the Easter Holiday.

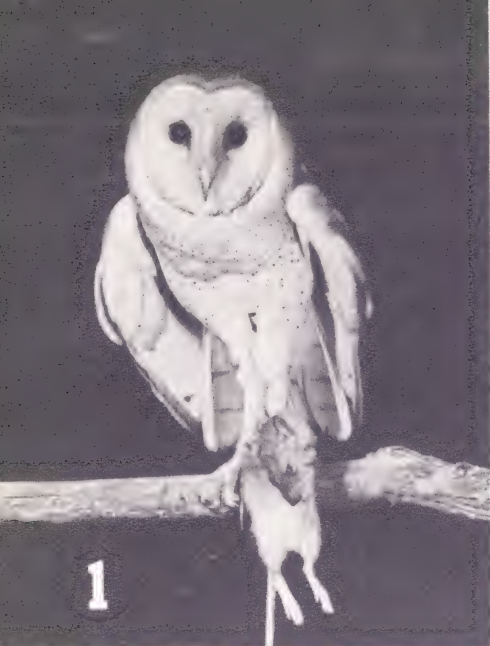
**The largest and most impressive dining room at the elegant Palace Hotel in San Francisco is the Garden Court. Ionic marble columns support the high vaulted glass dome from which magnificent crystal chandeliers hang.**



## GAME SECTION

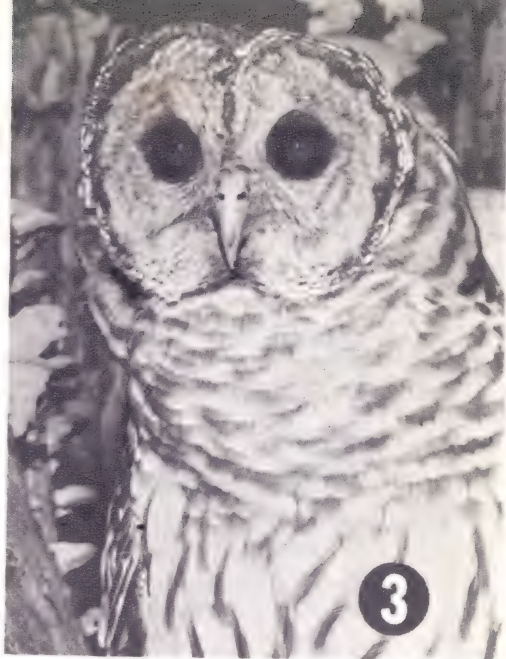
### WHO?

The wide-eyed members of the owl family have gained a reputation for wisdom beyond their years—in fact, according to experts, beyond their actual talents. But no matter where you live in the United States you'll have a chance to judge for yourself, because there are owls of one kind or another in every state. The *elf owl* is the tiniest, about the size of an English sparrow, and is native to the Southwest. Any place from a cavity in a tree to a deserted woodpecker hole in a sahuaro



cactus is home to this mite. In the forest areas east of the Mississippi dwell the *hared* or *hoot* owls distinguished by their deep-toned hoot. One of the best flying mousetraps is the *barn* or *monkey-faced owl*, 90% of whose diet is mouse steak. The commonest owl is the *screech owl* which is about the size of a plump robin. This species looks out on the world with a pair of yellow-rimmed eyes and greets you with a high, quavering screech. By the way, they can all see in daylight. For the fun of it see if you can identify the four owl types pictured here from the descriptions given and then turn to page 63 for the answers.

photos by Karl H. Maslowski





## Where Is It?

When you and the family step into your new Ford for a vacation trip do you plan to explore strange cities? If so, you have probably visited one of the six towns described or have at least read about them while planning a trip. See if you can identify all six before you turn to page 63, and the answers.



### 1 Center of North America

The Verendrye Brothers, in 1743, planted a lead plate on a bluff across the river from this town claiming the territory for France . . . on the Missouri River . . . a debt free community . . . U. S. 14 and 83 center through town and provide tourist travel from the east to the Black Hills and Rocky Mountains . . . geographical center of the State and North America . . . capital of South Dakota.



### 2 Near World's First George Washington Monument

In the heart of the scenic Cumberland Valley . . . Antietam

Battlefield, within a few minutes' drive of the city . . . world's largest pipe organ company here . . . Old Fort Frederick, a relic of the French and Indian Wars, open to visitors . . . first monument to George Washington still stands near here . . . in Maryland's chief apple and peach growing section . . . on U. S. 11 and 40.



### 3 On the Banks of the Connecticut

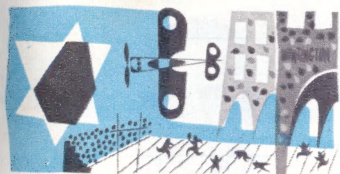
In 1891, Professor Naismith of a local college invented basketball . . . home of a famous rifle that bears the city's name . . . on U. S. 20 . . . famous Small Arms Museum attracts many tourists . . . borders the winding Connecticut River . . . second largest freight terminal in the Northeast . . . close to Westover Field, headquarters of the Atlantic Division of the Air Transport Command.





#### 4 Part of the Cherokee Strip

Built on an economy of agriculture, petroleum and industry . . . in the heart of the Oklahoma wheat belt . . . on U. S. 60, 64, and 81 . . . The Pillsbury Mills here have an output of over 38,000 barrels of flour a day . . . annual event is the celebration of the opening of Cherokee Strip . . . this town's name honors Geraint's wife of "Idylls of the King" fame.



#### 5 Bluff Town

On a high bluff of the Alabama River, where three Indian villages once stood . . . in 1864 was chosen as the site of the Confederate capital . . . a six-pointed brass star today marks the spot where Jefferson Davis took the oath of office as President of the Confederate States of America . . . home of Maxwell Air Force Base . . . Huntington College has one of the most beautiful campuses in the South . . . on U. S. 31 and 80.



#### 6 Home of "Uncle Remus"

In the dogwood season special tours are arranged for visitors through the residential districts . . . "ramblin' wrecks" of Georgia Tech are at home here . . . Stone Mountain east of the city considered one of the world's largest exposed blocks of granite . . . former residence of Joel Chandler Harris, creator of "Uncle Remus" stories . . . U. S. 29, 41, and 78 among roads that wind through town . . . golfers connect the town with Bobby Jones.

### ANSWERS

#### Who?

1. Barn or monkey-faced owl
2. Elf owl
3. Barred or hoot owl
4. Screech owl

#### Where Is It?

1. Pierre, South Dakota
2. Hagerstown, Maryland
3. Springfield, Massachusetts
4. Enid, Oklahoma
5. Montgomery, Alabama
6. Atlanta, Georgia

## Contributors



**CHARLES CULVER** ("My Favorite Village—Bellaire, Michigan") responded to our request for a picture and autobiography with his strictly caricatured self, his strictly non-caricatured wife (the girl-janitor of the village church) and the following brief facts:

He was born in Chicago Heights, Illinois, in 1908, and studied painting at the Wicker

School of Art in Detroit. Every year since 1936 he has exhibited in national and international shows and had one-man shows in Detroit. He has had four one-man shows in New York, has won prizes seven times in the Annual Exhibition of Michigan Artists at the Detroit Institute of Art, and is represented in the permanent collections of the Whitney Museum, Detroit Institute of Art, Cranbrook Museum, New Britain Museum, Flint Art Institute, International Business Machines Collection, Worcester Museum, and many private collections. He adds modestly:

"The 'My Favorite Village' chronicle is only my fourth published article—the others being reviews of art exhibitions."



The sky has never had a more energetic press agent than **ERIC SLOANE**. "Keep Your Eye on the Sky," on page 23 of this issue, is only a fragment of the artistic and literary effort he has expended on the world that lies above the horizon. He conceived and built the first Hall of Atmosphere, at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and has written on every aspect of the sky, including its relation to flight. Many famous fliers own Sloane cloudscapes, and he is at present working on massive cloud murals for a science museum. He is never so contented as when gazing aloft and he will be even more so when he gets everybody in the country doing the same.

The pictures of the TVA region were taken by **WILLIAM P. COOK**, who hooked his excitement about flying to his excitement about photography at the age of 21 and has been happy ever since. He has looked down on TVA from varying heights a great many times. Two of the outstanding were when he took part in an aerial mapping of the Tennessee Valley in 1932—the biggest aerial mapping job attempted up to that time—and when army security had him photograph the Oak Ridge region from the air when the atom bomb was imminent. The only hobby he has outside his work is a once-a-year bear hunt in the Great Smoky Mountains. Recently he developed an instrument to locate uranium from the air.





*photograph by W. P. Cook*

NORRIS DAM, near Knoxville, was the first built and is possibly the best known of all TVA dams. This aerial view shows the Norris Lake boat dock and part of the recreational area. The dam can be seen at upper right. The square cut in the hillside at the left is the quarry from which most of the stone used in the dam's construction was taken. Similar quarries at other dam sites have been screened by plantings of the fast-growing kudzu vine whose stems sometimes grow 60 feet in a season. Big Ridge Park, which has fully furnished vacation cabins, is operated by the State of Tennessee on one arm of Norris Lake.



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Front cover—Here is March at its gustiest best: strings tight, kites cutting capers in a wind-swept sky, and spring more than a vague promise. Painting by Charles W. Moss.

The FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.

